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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered those years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, became as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.

Reported by H. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

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Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore of long standing, after all other means in his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was complete. ly driven out.

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Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Exzema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried many remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever. LEE. S. FOSTER, 24 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

The Cuticura treatment for the cure of Skin, Blood Diseases, consists of the Internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP, 15c. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE!

Complete Treatment For $1.00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by this most agreeable, economical, speedy, safe and never failing specific, Sanford's RADICAL CURE. Complete and reliable treatment, consisting of one bottle of RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

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B. & B.

OCTOBER 8, 1881.

For the coming week, in

SILK DEPARTMENT.

One lot Black Rhadames, $.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. These goods are at such good value that any one who examines them will be sure to purchase.

Also special bargains in the celebrated Gonnet and Bonnet Black Silks, from $1.25 up to the finest made.

Duchesse d'Leon, Satin Merveilleux, Satin Surah, Rich Brocades, Fancy Striped Velvets, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, never before shown in this market.

New Costume Velvets, 24 inches wide, in all the desirable shades, at $1.50, being close and heavy.

New Costume Velvets, 27 inches wide, at $2.00, a rare bargain.

New Costume Velvets, $3.00 up to $10.00 per y'd.

New Dress Goods, 46 inch Poplin, all pure wool, in twelve colors, at 50c. a yard, opened today, and the best 50c. quality value ever shown anywhere.

A splendid line French Dress Goods received this week in most Checks and Plaids, at $1.00 and $1.50 suitable for full Suits and Combinations. Handsome and elaborate Strip d'Novelties and Shadings. Dress Goods at 10c. a yard up

Large offerings in Housekeeping Goods—Towels, Bleached Damask Towels, Damask Napkins at $1.50. German Linen, worth and never sold under $1.25. Damask Napkins at $1.50.

Heavy Bleached Red Rockers, 36 size, a bargain, worth 62½c.

$1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, up to $5 per dozen.

Large yards of German Table Linen at 75c. it is the Damask pattern so much handsomer.

Hosiery in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Lisle, foreign and domestic manufacture, in a variety of handsome styles, from 10c. a pair up to a pair.

A very extra bargain in Ladies' Cashmere Hose, at 25c. a pair.

Ladies' Foster hook, $1.25, $1.50 and $2; 4-button Bleached Kid Gloves, $1. Full line Parisian Opera Shades at popular prices.

Our Millinery Department we continues to show New Novelties every day in Walking Coats, Ulsterette, Jackets, &c., in new and graceful shape, at prices ranging from $.50 up.

Also opening new things in Silk, Satin Rhadame, Merveilleux and Rhadame Garments in the new styles and shades, as fast as they appear in Indings of Fur, Plush, Silk and Satin.

A special garment worthy of note is a Satin d'Lyon Dolman, new shape, for trimming, very handsome, price $25, worth $35; also 3 to 12 inch bust, Seal Sacques, $125 to $250; also 32 to 42 inch bust, 24 to 40 in. quality guaranteed and prices always the lowest. We earnestly solicit an examination.

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Pan Cake Flour.

Pancake Flour is just what its name implies, flour and Pan Cakes. The ill actions for use are with cold water, and you make a better cake at once on the griddle. This season its much cheaper than wheat flour.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.—AND OUR

New York Water Crackers,

ROYAL CHAMPAGNE CRACKERS

OYSTER CRACKERS,

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WINE CRACKERS

Are for sale by all grocers. When you buy crackers of us you receive, and don't pay for, any other, for we don't handle them.

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Agents Wanted for Thrilling Incidents of Border Life, Humor of Camp Fire, Perils of Pioneers, Daring Adventures, Captivity and Thrilling Romance of Indian Warfare, Life on the Plains, Wild Sports, Stirring Adventures, Strange Characters, Vivid Descriptions, Graphic Illustrations, Fine Steel Portraits, Low Price, Rapid Sales, Large Profits. Send for circulars, terms and full description. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

RULING THE SPIRIT.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"Hurrah for Bill!" "Give it to him!" "Go it, Bill—serve him right!"

These exclamations came from the group which had clustered around Tom Stern and Bill Jones when the news of a fight spread over the play-ground, summoning the boys to the scene of action.

"There!" said Bill, planting a finishing blow on his opponent's breast that sent him reeling to the ground.

The combat was over. Tom's mouth was bleeding; one eye was bruised and swollen—that would tell the tale for a week to come.

"Bill Jones is a regular brick."

The larger boys said so, and the smaller ones, putting their hands in their pockets in imitation of their example, tried to look and believe that being a "regular brick" was a good thing, though they, perhaps, would have exchanged places with Tom very unwillingly at that moment when he was picking himself up, rubbing the dirt from his soiled clothes, and wiping the blood from his wounded face. There was little sympathy for him; the boys were busy eyeing Bill and criticising his performance. Tom was slinking off quietly; none of them offered to go with him. Bill turned, and, seeing him walking away alone, he shouted, "I say, Tom."

Tom stopped only an instant; when he saw who had called him, he went on, dizzy and faint, and ran against his teacher, Mr. Smith, before he knew what he was doing.

"What is this?" Mr. Smith asked, sternly; "fighting again, boys? Who are the offenders this time?"

No one answered. There is a sense of honor among boys as well as thieves, they say; a tell-tale is not tolerated. In this case Mr. Smith's question was unnecessary; Tom's disordered appearance and Bill's torn linen coat and red face pointed out the combatants plainly; it was more difficult to discover how the quarrel originated.

"Come with me, boys."

Mr. Smith took an arm of each and led them away to his study, leaving the others looking on in silence until they were in the house out of sight.

"Won't they catch it! Mr. Smith said he would make an example of the first fellows he caught at it."

"My father says every boy ought to know how to fight. How's a fellow to take care of himself if he doesn't?"

"I guess Bill will be put up the spout this time, if he is a favorite," said another; and each boy gave his own ideas on the subject, and wondered what punishment was in store for the delinquents.

Mr. Smith sat down in his easy-chair in the study, telling the two culprits to stand before him until he could see their faces.

"Now, William, you can give me an account of this fight. I find I must make an example, but it pains me exceedingly to punish two of my most promising boys, and these two I supposed were firm friends. How did it begin?"

Bill was cool by this time; the authoritative touch of his kind teacher's hand and his steady eye fixed upon him calmed his anger; now he stood in silence and shame before him, looking at his feet and the carpet—anywhere except in Mr. Smith's face.

"Out with it. I have only five minutes to spend with you; let me hear the whole story quickly, without hesitation—I will not say prevarication, for I think neither of you would deceive, though you have disobeyed me."

"I think it was my fault," Tom began.

"No, no," interrupted Bill, his face reddening as he spoke hastily; "I hit him first; I commenced it."

"Let me hear the story from you, William. Silence, Tom," continued Mr. Smith, as he saw Tom making preparations for a speech.

Bill looked at the carpet, then at Tom; he pulled up sleeves of his coat down and his pants up; then he rubbed his hands, and finally burst out, "I was running over the ball-ground; Tom saw me coming, and tied a string just across my path."

"I didn't," said Tom.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Smith. "Go on, William."

"Then I tripped up, of course, and fell down. I thought it was a mean trick—I went flat. I jumped up and said, 'Who did that?' Tom said, 'I did.' Then I said, 'Take that,' so I gave him a hit. Then he doubled up his fist and ran into me; then I got the best of it; that's all."

"I put the string there—I didn't see him coming—I didn't mean to trip him up," said Tom, quickly. "But he never asks a fellow any thing, but turns round and gives him a lick. And how's a fellow to stand being hit? What can he do if he's got any spirit?"

"For shame, boys," said their teacher. "Here are two good friends fighting like angry beasts for nothing, wasting their strength and ill-temper, not showing spirit, but abusing it, and teaching the younger boys to regard this disgraceful exhibition as a proper show of spirit. If friendship comes to this you are no better than enemies. The fault was yours, William."

"I was mad; I didn't know Tom didn't mean to trip me up."

"Ah, it was not Thomas, but the evil spirit which takes possession of you—you yield to its power. Some day it will gain a frightful control. Within the last month, in incidents of passion, you have thrown a stone at one boy because you fancied he was hiding behind a tree in order to play a trick upon you; an inkstand was knocked over some books when you were beside yourself with rage, and you destroyed the drawing-book of a friend, imagining he had been making caricatures of you. This fiend will ruin body and soul if not checked. I have often spoken of this, and yet each day I hear new proofs of your ungovernable temper. Remember, my boy, the Bible tells us, 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Go on your knees and ask strength from Heaven to overcome this besetting sin. I will let conscience punish you. I think it must when you look at your friend, who will carry the marks of this passionate outbreak for some time, I imagine. In future I shall use harsher measures."

Tom was a delicate boy; he felt faint and dizzy. Bill's heart smote him as he glanced at his friend's pale face, made more so by the bruised eye and ghastly cut. It was all his own fault; he had used his friend badly enough. He pushed a hand toward him as he muttered, "I'm sorry—I didn't know—I didn't mean it."

"You never know what you are doing when in passion. Go with Tom to your room, and strive to gain the mastery in future over this fault."

The boys left the room. Mr. Smith sighed as they closed the door. Notwithstanding William's fearful temper he was a favorite scholar, possessing many noble characteristics, though they were often concealed and overbalanced by his besetment. Daily complaints were made against him, which, when inquired into, could all be traced to the same cause. Mr. Smith's constant reproofs were apparently unheeded, but he did not despair of convincing his pupil that this dangerous enemy could be controlled.

Tom went to his room. An hour after, when his class was called for recitation, he was absent, and his teacher found him suffering with a raging headache. When night came he had a high fever, and Mr. Smith appointed William to watch by his bedside. His conscience was speaking his condemnation loudly as he sat there; fearful thoughts were forced upon him. Suppose Tom should be very sick, or, more terrible yet, suppose he died; could he ever forgive himself for his rash violence? He thought not; we are very tender-hearted in our most repentant moments. Bill thought now he would willingly take the evil consequences of the fight, and change places with his friend, who tossed restlessly in his uneasy slumber. His face had been bandaged, and Bill's self-reproaches cut him most keenly when Tom, reaching out his hand for a glass of water, said in a faint, but kind voice, "Thank you, Bill; I know, old fellow, you didn't mean it."

A cold shudder ran through William as he held the sick boy's hot hand. How vain and useless would all regrets become if—if—! He dared not think of the worst; he was learning a bitter lesson by experience, and resolving to take it to heart before he left Tom that night, who said again, "I'll be all right in the morning, Bill; I know you didn't mean it."

Bill passed a sleepless night. Fortunately Tom was all right in the morning; that meant his headache was over, and he could go around with the boys, and study as usual, though the black eye and scarred face remained, suggesting to Bill painfully the incident and encounter of the previous day.

Mr. Smith noticed Bill's contrition, and whispered gently when he saw symptoms of his being on his guard, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

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He had several sore struggles during that day; he hunted high and low for his slate, and finally discovered that it had been taken from his desk by a boy whom he disliked. It was scratched, and left in an out-of-the-way corner. This was particularly annoying to Bill, who was pressed for time. When he found it his first impulse was to hurl it at the offender's head. This he restrained with a great effort, and the little boy escaped. Bill held the slate in his hand, and walked up to him with a flaming face.

"See here, do you know whose slate this is?" he asked fiercely. The little boy quaked in his shoes. Bill intended adding, with a smart box on his ear, "Take that for your impudence."

The boy expected something of the kind and shrank away with a frightened face; others who were standing near, evidently were as much surprised as the delinquent when Bill, after a moment's hesitation, with a great effort, only said as he walked away, "See that you don't touch it again, then."

His knees trembled, but the victory was won, at least for that time. As he was going off he overheard one boy say in a low voice, "Mr. Smith frightened him yesterday, so it's taken all the starch out of him."

Bill's temper rose; in a moment it was aflame. That boy should repent his speech, he thought. At that instant Tom entered the room; Bill glanced at Tom; he was trembling so that he sat down, with his back toward the boys; he dared not face them at that moment.

Tom sat down by him; he looked at Bill. "How white you are! What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," returned Bill. He could not have confessed then that the sight of Tom's face had deterred him from executing immediate and violent vengeance on that boy who had roused his temper.

"Ruling the spirit" is no easy task, a city may be taken much sooner; easier far is it to indulge the impulse of hasty passion, though it leaves us a life-long regret.

These first victories were won, and Bill began to congratulate himself upon his success; he had overcome his temper. When the temptation was passed it seemed a comparatively simple task to keep it under control. It had only been the work of a moment; but a wonderful change may be made in a moment's time. And let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. His old enemy had held him in thrall too long to give up his captive without a severe struggle.

Mr. Smith saw with pleasure that Bill's outbursts of anger were less frequent; the lion was not changed into the lamb suddenly, and the old spirit leaped up fiercely at sudden provocations, battling sorely for dominion, and was not always subdued until Bill learned by experience that only constant and careful watchfullness kept him on his guard.

It was very hard for Bill to hear in silence, and bear with meekness, the covert allusions and sneers of the boys regarding his changed conduct; they were not said before him, but he knew that they attributed it to either lack of spirit, or fear of Mr. Smith. This galled and irritated him greatly, and he longed for an opportunity of showing the fellows that he was no coward, a feeling which is commendable in any boy.

"Yes, he's as tame as a frog; he dosn't dare say boo to a fellow since he had his fight with Tom."

Bill overheard this remark one morning as he came suddenly upon a group of boys standing at the top of a broad flight of stairs. His blood boiled, and turning quickly, he seized the speaker by the neck; another moment and he would have hurled him down the steps. Happily he was arrested before it was too late—a hand was laid on his arm, and Mr. Smith's voice said, "William, what are you doing? Do you wish to break George's neck?"

If he had come an instant later some bones might have been broken. William stood in silence.

"I thought you were gaining the mastery over your temper," added Mr. Smith, leading him away. "This one rash act would have undone the hard work of months."

"The fellows think I'm a coward," replied William savagely. "I'd like to show them once I'm not one."

"By throwing a boy down stairs, and maiming him, perhaps for life, bringing unavailing regret and life-long repentance for one passionate outbreak? No, my boy, that would not win their respect, and your conscience will soon assure you, if it is not doing so at this moment, that it is cowardly to yield to the temptation, and give your enemy the advantage. I do not doubt that opportunities will arise when you can testify that physically you are no coward."

"That's true enough," thought Bill, when he was calm, and he could reason. "What would have been the use in breaking a fellow's arm or leg, and getting all the blame for it, and no credit either? Very brave it would have been, to be sure, to push a little fellow like George down stairs."

He was very much disheartened, and less self-confident for some time after this. It was good for him, and put him more on his guard than before, since he had felt his own weakness; but the word "coward" still rankled in his breast—as it must in any boy who has true manliness of character—and he longed more than ever for some opportunity of showing the boys that he was not indeed deficient in spirit.

It soon came. One pleasant half-holiday, the boys obtaining permision to spend it in the woods, they resolved to go strawberrying, as they had been told that in a certain field the berries were very plentiful. So they started off in fine spirits, hoping to find wild strawberries as plentiful as blades of grass. But they were disappointed; there were more tiny white blossoms than red berries, and searching a few moments they discovered some one had been ahead of them. It was evident what were left were not worth looking after, so Bill proposed fishing in the brook that ran through the middle of the sloping field.

The proposition was well received, as most of the party had brought their fishing apparatus in their pockets; and as they ran down the hill they saw sitting by the side of the brook, under a large tree, a little girl. She seemed to be a poor child; her clothes were very plain; she wore no shoes, and her old hat was torn and soiled.

"Hallo, what's up?" called Tom.

She rubbed her eyes, jumped up as if she were frightened, and was walking away when Tom, going nearer, said kindly, "We won't hurt you, don't run away. What's the matter what are you crying for?"

"He's took my berries," she said, while the boys followed Tom to hear what she was saying.

"Who?" asked Tom. "Who was it took your berries?"

"There he is now, over there." She pointed to a great boy in another part of the field, who was stooping down, hunting for strawberries on the other side of the brook.

"Wait a minute; tell us how it happened," said Tom eagerly.

"I came here early to pick some berries for mother; she is sick and likes something nice to eat. I tried all the morning and nearly filled my basket, and then that big boy over there came, and said I hadn't any right here, the berries were on his uncle's field.

"It's a lie," exclaimed one of the boys. "That's Mike, the butcher's son."

"So he took them away, and said I could hunt for more one this side of the brook, if I pleased, but I mustn't cross over on the side where he is now."

"The stingy, mean fellow!" exclaimed another boy, while the others looked at each other, and indignantly at Mike, the butcher's son, who quietly went on gathering his berries, and adding them to the store he had taken from the child.

"I say, Mike," called Bill in a very loud voice, and with a very red face. The big boy stopped his work and looked over at the group, who eyed him suspiciously. "I say," shouted Bill, "you bring those berries back to this little girl, or I'll make you!"

"Will you, now?" said Mike, with a broad grin.

"He's an awful big boy," observed the smallest of the party, apprehensively, looking at Bill with alarm.

"Yes, I will," cried Bill.

Mike stood up; he put his hands in his pockets.

"Come on, youngster; if you want 'em, why, come take 'em."

It seemed something like the combat between Goliath and David, Mike was such a big burly fellow and Bill was very slim and much younger. He did not wait to think of this difference, or the odds against him; he sprang over the stones in the brook, and in a moment more he was attacking the giant boy nimbly enough, but with very little chance of success.

"Won't he get it, though!" said the smallest boy, trembling, and very much excited.

From their post of observation the group on the opposite side saw that Bill would probably get the worst of the battle, for Mike dealt out blows like sledge-hammers with his thick fists, and, though Bill danced about him and dodged them, escaping some, he felt the full weight of others, and fairly staggered under them.

"I'm going in this too," said Tom.

Taking off his coat, he jumped over the brook and ran behind Mike, making an attack in the rear just as the butcher's son was saying, "Ah, youngster, you've got most enough of this, haven't you, I'd like to know, now?"

"No he hasn't," screamed Tom; "what one can't do two may be can."

The unexpected assault from an unprepared quarter startled Mike, and threw him off his guard and on the ground in a few moments, when the two boys, securing the basket of berries, retired to the opposite bank with their spoil, the trophy of their victory.

"Three cheers for Bill! three cheers for Bill!" called the little boy, while all joined in heartily. He had not been cheered since the day he fought with Tom, and the sound was not unpleasant to Bill.

"And three cheers for Tom!" he added. "Ah, you little wasps," cried Mike, shaking his fist at them angrily from his seat on the ground; "come on one at a time, you young scamps, and I'll shake you well."

"We can't coming one at a time, though," called the small boy, as Tom handed the berries to their owner, and, fearing Mike might wreak his vengeance upon her, they formed a guard and marched with her until she was safely home, Tom calling out to the crest-fallen Mike as he left, "If you dare to touch this little girl I'll tell Squire Morse you said he was your uncle."

Mike made no answer. He was a boy who, if once put down, did not get up again easily.

Mr. Smith did not hear of this occurrence until long afterward, and then he said, "I have heard of your fighting again, William."

There was no severity in the tones of the voice and no reproach in his glance, when Tom added, "Yes, and I helped him fight that battle too."

"And by this time you have learned that a violent spirit and passionate temper can be curbed and held in and not broken: a violent temper can become a furious, imperious master, but if controlled may be trained into a useful servant. Let us always try to be very certain that we are not on the side of wrong before we indulge in what we may consider as righteous zeal."

"He wasn't on the wrong side in that battle. The fellows all call him the champion of the school ever since his fight with Mike," said Tom.

"The champion of right would be a better and more desirable title for one," answered Mr. Smith, kindly. "In this case he honestly earned it, however; we will not dispute his right to the title, and trust he may always be able to maintain it throughout life. When we have gained the great victory over ourselves, and have learned to rule our own spirits, we will find ourselves better prepared to battle with the wrong and protect the right."—THE END.

The Indian Who Did It.

A dealer in hardware on Jefferson avenue, says the Detroit *Free Press*, has had a straw cutter standing on the walk in front of his store for some days past to catch the public eye, and yesterday forenoon two boys discovered it and had considerable sport feeding papers under the knife. They were still at work, one at the wheel and the other feeding all the old papers he could find, when along came three Canada Indians with something less than a thousand baskets hitched to them. They were evidently father, mother and son, and when they saw the straw-cutter at work they came to a dead halt and exhibited great curiosity to know how the old thing chewed up papers in that manner. After some conversation between them the Indian put down his basket and made a closer inspection. The boys fell back to give him a fair show, and as he picked up a long strip of paper the squaw began turning the wheel in about 4-6 time.

The machinery worked beautiful, and a grin of quiet delight had just commenced to spread over the red man's face when the end of the paper was reached and the knife sliced off the end of his forefinger. There was just one howl, accompanied by a jump three feet high. When the Indian landed he was as silent as the grave and as straight as a bean pole. He looked from his finger to the straw-cutter and back, took in the general laugh from the sidewalk without giving himself away, and with the dignity of a Sultan he walked over to his baskets, resumed his load, and marched off with his wounded hand in his pocket and his nose set on a bee-line for home.

Liver pads are of recent invention but foot pads have been known for many years.

PATTY'S SURPRISE.

HOW IT WAS THAT ROB CAME BACK HOME AT LAST.

Among the hills beyond the eastern line of the corporation limits of the city there are very many quietly picturesque bits of scenery. Narrow lanes wind down the steep slopes of the hills, or stretch through the little valleys. They pass by a low-roofed rambling farm house; just beyond they cross a merry, rippling brook or a more pretentious stream with all the dignity of a plank bridge; past thrifty orchards and well cultivated fields; through tracts of heavy woodland bearing all the evidences of being the remains of the great forest that once robed all these great hills; in among the houses of little village and then to the country side again the roads and lanes go on intermingling and crossing each other, but leading further and further away from the bustling town.

In the summer time, a couple of hours' drive in this direction will show the weary city man that he has close at hand an Arcadia, where the bees hum so busily amongst the clover, the birds sing so sweetly, and the wild flowers are as lovely in the untrammeled grace as in the primitive, imaginary land that Sir Philip Sidney sung of in the days of good Queen Bess. Nature is pure and comparatively undefiled here, to be sure, but mankind is by no means pastoral amongst the valleys. He is too near the city not to be contaminated by the lesson it teaches, and it is of this discordant element in the otherwise harmonious scene that this brief story is to be told.

On one of the country byways that have been spoken of—which of them and where it is located on the map matters not—is a wee bit of a cottage, a perfect nest of a home. An orchard that ante-dates by many years the house, surrounds it on two sides, and on the others are a garden, and a neat piece of lawn with tiny flower beds breaking the smoothness of the sod. Bachelor's buttons, marigolds, big, purple-eyed pansies grow in the beds, as do also several large hollyhocks and dwarf asters, which bear their burden of white blossoms until the heavy frosts blight them. Morning-glory and nasturtium vines grow up around the windows of the house and cling to the pillars and railing of the little porch that looks out upon the road.

For years this has been the home of a modest family—mother, son and adopted daughter. The husband and father died more than a dozen years ago, leaving his wife a little farm and a sum of money well invested in stocks and securities. With the aid of her son Rob and a hired man, who had been upon the place for a number of years, Mrs. Lonely (which is not her name) managed to live quite comfortably. Rob was restless as a boy and discontented as a youth. Like thousands of others, he did not care for the farm, with its simple, unpretentions home life. He visited the city as often as opportunity presented itself, and grew to long for the excitement which he found there. After he was of age, one day he came back to the farm from town in a state of great excitement. A friend of his, he said, had gone to a great Eastern city, where he had secured a position in a merchantile establishment. He had accomplished much in the way of self-advancement, and he had come back to Pittsburgh on a short visit. He met Bob and told him that he too could secure a position under the Eastern firm, and if it was was desired arrangement would be made at once. Poor Mrs. Lonely protested and prayed that Rob would not leave her, but he insisted upon trying the new life and it was finally settled that he should go. Only a short time before this a little girl had been left fatherless and motherless near the farm, and Mrs. Lonely took her as her own. She was only four or five years old and was called Patty because it was not thought right to ask the child to carry about the weight of the name of Patricia, which was the only enduring thing her parents had given her, besides life. Rob told his mother that Patty would take his place and that he would pay flying visits home as often as possible. He went away one chill afternoon in November and the mother's eyes were filled with tears that a chill November rain could not have dimmed her sight more completely. Rob wrote from his new place of residence as soon he arrived and his letter was full of adjectives and enthusiasm. Rob had been supplied with money when he left, but promptly wrote for more, saying that unusual and unexpected expenses had exhausted his stock. From once a week the letters from Rob dropped off to once a month and then once in three months. When they did come they spoke of the writer's prospects being bright, and then came descriptions of rich friends and fashionable girls, and invariably at the close was a request for money. Several years went by and Rob did not come home. When the mother wrote to ask Rob why he did not pay the promised visit to the farm he always gave some excuse. The reason most frequently given was that he was so hard at work that it was impossible for him to leave without sacrificing his position. He said he had been persuaded into making some into making some investments, and this had taken all the money he had made in the business and more too. The mother cried at night when she was all alone, but she sold stocks and mortgages and sent the money to Rob until her income was so cramped that she could send no more. Little Patty had dim and misty recollections of Rob, but she heard so much about him from the mother that she often asked wonderingly when "Rob" would come home. And then the mother would say that he would soon come, although her heart often asked the same question and her fears in answer responded —"He never will come."

One day a letter came from Rob asking for a large sum of money immediately and saying that he had the most urgent need for it. Mrs. Lonely was frightened and went to the city to see the old lawyer to whom her husband had advised her to turn in time of need. She did not go to him for advice as to whether to send it or not, for it never occurred to her to refuse it, but ready money in so large an amount was not at her command and she wanted to know how to get it. The lawyer listened to her story quietly and then advised her not to send the money. He talked so earnestly and to such good purpose that at last Mrs. Lonely agreed to refuse to send the money until he told her why he wanted it. The only answer was a hasty note written by pencil from Rob, saying he was going away on a business trip and could not write for some time. In conclusion Rob asked his mother not to write as he might miss the letters. This seemed very strange to the mother in her quiet home, but she supposed Rob knew best and she kept the trouble locked up in her own breast for many weeks. Not more than a couple of months ago a letter came to Mrs. Lonely addressed in an unfamiliar hand. The exact contents of the letter are known only to her who received it, but the purport was to the effected that for a long time Rob had been leading a fast life, had gambled and associated with men without principle and woman without morals. He sank in this way all the money he had earned and all his mother had sent him, and finally losing some money at cards, which he could not pay, he had taken several hundred dollars belonging to his employers and had disappeared. The firm did not care to push the case against Rob, and if the amount of the defalcation was paid nothing further would be said. The lawyer in the city who had been called upon by Mrs. Lonely for advice, received a letter from her ordering him to send a certain amount of money to an Eastern firm at once. For a week the neighbors thought the widow was away from home, because she was not to be seen. Then they found she was sick and had grown thin and pale and nervous. Patty was very much worried about the mother's illness and her changed appearance, and as she was quite a big girl she wondered why Rob did not come home to see his sick mother in spite of all the demands of business. When she asked why Rob did not come, the mother began to cry and put her arms around Patty and sobbed and sobbed; but did not answer.

One morning last week Patty came running into the kitchen with eyes wide open with terror and said a strange man was lying on the front porch. Mrs. Lonely went to see who it could be and found it was only a tramp. He was so dirty that one scarcely tell his original color, his shoes were full of holes, his hat was weather-beaten and battered. A muddy, drabbled, ragged coat and vest were all the clothes he had and they smelt strongly of liquor. He lay with his head on the threshold of the door and his hat partly drawn over his face. He was snoring loudly, and was evidently sleeping off his potations. Patty followed Mrs. Lonely and she thought the stranger was the ugliest and dirtiest man she had ever seen. She saw the mother bent over the man and then heard her scream, and saw her wind her arms around him, and lift his head up and kiss him. Poor little Patty did not understand it until she heard the mother say "My boy. Oh, my poor, poor boy. My dear Rob!" and then she opened her eyes wide and said:

"Rob has come at last."—*Pittsburg Post.*

TAKING HIS FATHER'S ADVICE.—Not long ago a young man in Carson got married and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train his father bade him good-by and gave him his paternal blessing.

"My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again. Never go into a place where you wouldn't take your wife."

The couple settled in Mariposa county, and last week the old man went down to visit them. They proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some boulders in the chapparal. As the two approached, the bear roused up and sent forth a growl of defiance that shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill 'im," said the old man, excitedly.

The son held back, further acquaintance with the bear seeming in some respects undesirable.

"Count me out," said he.

"Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward?" said the old man, brandishing the gun.

"I recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts? Didn't you tell never to go where I couldn't take my wife? Now, how would Sal look in there with that bear?"

The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and as the bear issued forth he exclaimed:

"Speaking of Sallie, let us hasten home. Our prolonged absence will cause her needless alarm."

In about fifteen minutes they had reached the ranch, the old man a little ahead, and the distance was about four miles.

A SINGULAR GHOST STORY.—Previous to Nov. 7, 1869, I always laughed at the bare idea of ghosts. I was staying at Brighton on the day mentioned with some friends who were about to proceed abroad. Two ladies, a cousin, and myself went out to dine at Kemptown. It being a most charming moonlight night I told my friends I should prefer walking home to Brunswick square (the other end of the town). I accordingly proceeded on the sensible of the Esplanade.—When just opposite the Bedford hotel a carriage and pair of horses drew up alongside the rails with two men on the box and an elderly lady inside.

I was greatly startled as the wheels made no noise; but at once I took about half a dozen steps toward the carriage to see what it meant, when I distinctly recognized the occupant as my grandmother, whom I had left perfectly well at Cheltenham a few days before, also her coachman and footman on the box. I at once vaulted over the rails opposite the carriage. At the same moment it struck me as most out of the way that an old lady of 84 should bring all her belongings from Cheltenham to Brighton without informing her relations of the move. As I touched the ground I made one step forward to greet her, when to my horror the whole thing vanished.

When I recovered myself I went straight home and told the whole circumstances of the case. Of course, every one laughed at me, and told me that it was fortunate that there were witnesses who could speak to my perfect sobriety. I was very put out, and hardly slept all night. Early next morning we received a telegram that my poor old grandmother had been found dead in her bed at 7:30 o'clock that morning.

DON'T MENTION IT.—A citizen of Detroit entered a Michigan avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began: "I want to make confession and reparation. Do you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?" "I do." "Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quarter on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I come to tender you good money." "Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer. "But I want too make it all right." "It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife sent down a $1 bill and wanted a can of sardines, I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let you're conscience trouble you at all—it's all right.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MEN OF UNBOUNDED STOMACHS.

True gluttony, like "true charity, hath no locality, no tone provincial, no peculiar garb." From the period of the Roman Empire down to the present day there is a bright roll of magnificent or merely mighty feeders, a glance at which is not without interest. It is not very easy to classify the gluttons of classical times, for between the man who merely feeds and consumes an immense amount of provinder and the man who squanders a large fortune on expensive meals there is or may be a vast difference.—For instance, Vitellius—who Mr. Silas Wegg very properly named Vittle-us—spent $5,000,000 a month for seven months on his table.—When the number of convives is considered and the price of the dishes—a ton of rare fish and three and a half tons of rare birds at one banquet, in days when fanciers paid $625 for a red mullet and $4 apiece for pigeons, the expenditure may not seem excessive. A man might eat of a $25,000 dish of birds' tongues, yet not be, in the strict sense of the word, a glutton, and nightengales' tongues, the brains of pheasants and peacocks and the roes of the rarest and most delicate fishes were not only favorable, but common dishes among the elite and imperial Romans. Heliogobalus is credited with spending $100,000 at one supper and Nero with eating a dish costing $150,000 and washing it down with a bumper still more costly, but this proves nothing, unless it be the sheer idiocy and wastefulness of the convives. A different aspect is touched upon when the question is approached—How did they eat? And when it

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - NOV. 18, 1881.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MACVEAGH is no longer a member of the cabinet, the President having on Monday last accepted his resignation, which was tendered as soon as Mr. Arthur entered upon the duties of his office.

THE trial of Guiteau commenced in the criminal Court at Washington before Judge Cox, on Monday last. The necessary number of jurors were obtained on that and the two following days. The case promises to be very protracted.

IF ex-Governor Curtin is correct in the statement which he is said recently to have made, "that out of sixteen thousand who have been educated in the soldiers' orphan schools of this State, only two have been accused of crime," the fact is very remarkable and highly creditable to the schools as well as to the soldiers' orphans.

GRANT said to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Ledger* last week that the only man he was particularly anxious to see bounced out of the cabinet was Blaine, and gave as his reason that he didn't think James G. was "a fit man to be there." That Grant should entertain this opinion of Blaine is quite natural and has long been well understood. If Grant lives to be as old as one of Washington's body servants he will never either forget or forgive the man who took the wind out of the sails of his third term boat at the Chicago convention.

THERE is a strong belief prevailing at Washington that Mr. Arthur will invite Mahone to a place in his cabinet after Congress meets in December. The Democratic Senators will have something to say about this, if it ever comes to pass. If the President attempts to boost into his cabinet a man who has earned for himself the infamy of an avowed and shameless plunderer of the honest creditors of Virginia, the Democratic members of the Senate will make it decidedly interesting for Mr. Arthur, and will stand like a stone wall between him and their country's disgrace.

A MOST vigorous and well organized effort was made in Mississippi at the election last week by a combination of all the factions and fag ends of parties in that State to elect a Legislature opposed to the re-election of Mr. Lamar to the U. S. Senate. The negro voters, however, who know and appreciate Mr. Lamar, sustained his friends who were candidates for the Legislature, and he will be his own successor. No man has been more national in his ideas, or has done more to bring together the two sections of the country since the close of the civil war, than Senator Lamar. He is a scholar of rare attainments, a liberal-minded statesman, and a credit to his State and to the whole South.

BAILY'S official majority in the State is 7,002. Wolfe's vote will not vary much from 50,000. As we said last week, Baily has been elected by Democratic votes. At least five thousand, or *one-fourth* of the total vote Wolfe received in Philadelphia and Allegheny counties, were cast by Democrats. Why this was done is far beyond our political philosophy. We scarcely ever knew a time, however, when Democrats didn't make fools of themselves instead of making the most out of their opportunity, and it is fair to infer that if there had been *another* independent Republican in the field with Wolfe, the Democrats would also have given him enough votes to make the success of the machine candidate equally certain. It is very disgusting and warrants the conclusion that the occupation of the fool killer, like Othello's, is gone, and that he has permanently retired from business in this State at least.

SAMUEL W. DAVIS has been re-elected County Commissioner, and while we admit his entire competency we have to say, in reference to him, that for the first time in the history of Cambria county the Commissioners' office was prostituted to party politics during the late campaign, and it was Capt. Davis who did it. Voters were taken daily to the office and a single county order for $100 in favor of John A. Kennedy selected from the files of the office and shown to them for the purpose of creating the impression that he had defrauded the county out of that amount of money. Similar orders issued to Jas. Cooper and Abel Lloyd, two former Republican Commissioners, as well as to several other Commissioners and clerks to the Board, were on file, but these were not exhibited, the Kennedy order being the only one shown. We trust that the archives of the Commissioners' office will never again be thus used to save a candidate from defeat—and that a wrong so inexcusable will never again be repeated in this county

UPON the receipt of the news in London that Mahone and his freebooters had carried the Virginia election, the price of the bonds of that State fell six per cent. In the contest in Virginia, Mahone, in warring against the principle which lies at the very basis of society—the inviolability of contracts and the sacred character of State obligations—had the countenance and support of only about twenty thousand white voters in the whole State, the balance of his readjusting thieves being composed entirely of ignorant negroes, who constitute the trading element in the politics of Virginia. These negroes were told by Mahone's speakers, and believed it too, that millions of the public debt they were asked to pay was for hanging old John Brown and for returning runaway slaves to their masters in the days of slavery. This was enough to make rabid readjusters out of nearly all of them, and enabled Mahone to carry the State by their solid vote for his candidates. Besides this, he had the sympathy and aid of the President in his unholy crusade against the creditors of the State, and the effect on the price of her bonds in the London market is told in the first sentence of this article. The end is not yet.

THE official majorities for President Judge in the Somerset and Bedford district are as follows: In Somerset, the majority for John Cessna is 320 and in Bedford the majority for Wm. J. Baer is 333—giving Baer a majority of 13 in the district. Like Mercutio's wound, although this majority is neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a barn door, still it is enough. The judicial contest in that district was a peculiar one in at least two of its aspects from any other in the State. Cessna took the stump in his own behalf and attended all or nearly all the Republican campaign meetings that were held in Somerset county, where Baer was so strong with the people ten years ago, when he ran against Judge Hall for the same office, that he carried it by a trifle less than fifty votes. No other candidate of either party in the State for a judicial office adopted the disreputable course taken by Cessna, and in that respect he stood solitary and alone. That his stump appeals disgusted hundreds of Republican voters in Somerset county is perfectly manifest from the fact that Bailey's majority over Noble is 1,475, or 1,155 more that Cessna's over Baer. The withering rebuke administered to Cessna by the voters of that county redects infinite credit upon them, and his deserved and ignominious defeat ought to be a warning for all time to come to all other aspirants for judicial preferment. But while Cessna's own methods in conducting the campaign were peculiar and without a parallel, there was another phase or incident connected with it meriting equal censure. For some reason, into which it is not material now to inquire, Judge Hall, the President Judge of the district, was extremely hostile to Cessna becoming his successor, and a short time before the election published a bitter and vindictive article reviewing Cessna's political career, in which he poured out all the vials of his wrath on his devoted head. No man in Pennsylvania occupying Judge Hall's position ever before prostituted it to such a low and unworthy purpose, and his conscience, if he has one, will upbraid him to the last hour of his life. All his difficulties with John Cessna ought to have been adjusted in an entirely different way and without dragging the robes of his office through the dirty pool of personal politics. It was disgraceful beyond all precedent, and while Cessna richly merited the crushing defeat he received, it is difficult to draw the line between him as a bold, reckless demagogue, and Judge Hall as a low, scheming politician, who for personal purposes so degraded his high and responsible office.

THE chairman of Mr. Wolfe's State Committee, or as it is called, the "Citizens Republican Association," has issued an address to the Republicans of Pennsylvania congratulating the Independents on the large and flattering vote polled by them throughout the State for their self-nominated candidate. The address declares that "the movement is not yet ended, but he who runs may plainly read the signs which indicate the *beginning* of the end." That this Wolfe rebellion against the iron rule of the bosses, which commenced by Wolfe nominating himself and ended two months afterwards by forty thousand Republicans enlisting under his banner, is the beginning of a still more formidable revolt on the part of the Independents next year, does not admit of any reasonable doubt. He has the best elements of the Republican party in Philadelphia and other parts of the State at his back sustaining and encouraging him—men who have enlisted in the fight against Cameronism during the war, and who will never cease to give battle until that arrogant and domineering political power in the Republican counsels of this State is crushed out and destroyed. This contest between the machine managers and the Republicans who are determined to resist their decrees is in progress now, and will culminate when the State Convention meets next summer to nominate a candidate for Governor, and the man who can't see where it will end unless one of the factions tamely surrenders, which is against all the probabilities, has a very poor conception of the "true inwardness" of Charles S. Wolfe and the men who stood by him in the campaign which has just ended in a nominal victory for the "machine."

THE people of this State have become very familiar during the recent campaign with the name of Charles S. Wolfe, and having learned from himself all about his political aims and purposes, would like now to know what disposition is to be made by the Supreme Court of his man-damus proceedings against the State Treasurer, involving the liability of the State to pay $500 extra to each member of the Legislature. Judge Pearson decided that under the act of 1874 the members were not entitled to the extra pay. Mr. Wolfe, who represented the Legislature in starting the case, took an appeal in order that the question might be determined by the Supreme Court at its October session in Pittsburg. The session of the Court will come to a close before many more days, and thus far we have heard nothing about Mr. Wolfe's extra pay case, which caused so much talk and discussion at Harrisburg last spring. It is very important that this vexed question should be finally determined, but the prospect that it will be decided by the Court during the present Pittsburg term does not seem to be at all flattering.

THERE should be less talk and more decided action about the Utah crime, flaunted in the face of the American people; and there is a hint of this in an appeal to the clergy of all denominations that has been made by the Methodist and the Episcopalian Bishops, the Catholic Vicar General, and the superintendents of Presbyterian and Congregational work in Utah. They ask if the time has not come when the pulpits of the land should lift up their voices against the horrible evils of Mormonism, and they urge that the clergy of the United States shall join in bringing pressure to bear on the members of Congress in their district, so that in the next session of Congress the Anti Polygamy law shall be so amended "that the living together of the parties—or co-habitation to use a legal term—shall be proof of bigamy or polygamy, instead of the ceremony of marriage, because the latter is performed in secret within the walls of the Endowment House, in the presence of faithful Mormons only, and no one of these will bear testimony to the fact," and that polygamy shall be a continuous crime instead of expiring by limitation in three years' time, as now. This is the most important move against Mormonism yet made, and it should bear fruit, emanating as it does from men who, living among the Mormons, are most likely to be competent to speak of and denounce the evils of polygamy.—*Pittsburg Post.*

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE ELECTION IN PHILADELPHIA—ONE OF TIME'S REVENGES—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERFORMANCE AND NEGLECT—COSTLY MACHINE POLITICS—WONDERFUL AMERICAN PROGRESS—SYSTEMATIC SMUGGLING—NATIONAL THANKSGIVING—THE GUITEAU ADMINISTRATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—The election in Philadelphia tells the same old story—the Democrats were beaten because of their own surrender. They cannot even find consolation in the election of Krumbhaar, as his nomination was effected outside of their organization. If the Democracy of this city can learn any sense, the last election will end all dual contests. The Democratic vote of Philadelphia fell short at least 20,000. Until some other plan is devised for conducting the affairs of Government, the duty of going to the election polls and voting is incumbent on every man who is the possessor of his wits and is boring under no illegal or physical disability. The Democracy of Philadelphia either did not poll their full vote, or, if polled, they were polled for the boss candidates. Making allowance for all the scurvy Democrats the McMullen-Donahues were able to sell to the Republican bosses, the Democrats should have brought Noble up to Baily, and should have elected Major Veale. There is but little, if any doubt, about *five thousand* Democratic votes being cast for Bailey and O'Donnell for dollars in cash given to Democratic traders. Had not Major Veale been traded off by Democratic bosses he would have been elected. With the Committee of One Hundred against him—the ringmasters of both the Democratic and Republican parties against him—without money and without the espousal of his cause by any newspaper in the city, save and except the *Record*—he ran eight thousand ahead of his ticket. Had the Committee of One Hundred been sincere in its professions—had one half the members of the Committee been honest—an honest, brave and Christian gentleman would have been elected. His honestly expressed views on municipal affairs, which should have warmed the Committee of One Hundred had it been honest in its professions of reform, chilled the Democratic bosses. Major Veale is a gallant soldier, whose public and private integrity is unquestioned, which is more than can with truth be said of his opponent, and in not giving him its warm and united support, the Committee stultified itself. Of the insincerity and dishonesty of said Committee, I may have occasion to speak in future letters. Notwithstanding the machine has triumphed, and the banner of the confederate bosses flaunts defiantly from the citidels of the Pardon Board, Gas Trust, Delinquent Tax Office, Street Railway Extortionists and the Jobbers' Brigade in Select and Common Council, the battle of the people against boss rule is not ended. There will be another grand rally of the good people against the bosses in February. Then again will the people move upon the "citadels of profligate authority, when it is hoped that both branches of the Councils will be wrested from the spoilers.

ONE OF TIME'S REVENGES

One of time's revenges worked beautifully at the late election in New York. Two years ago, when Governor Robinson was nominated by the Democrats, three-fourths of the delegates were ready to compromise on Gen. H. W. Slocum, and he would have beaten Cornell by forty or fifty thousand votes; but Boss McLaughlin, who carried the Kings county delegates in his pocket, refused to listen to the proposition. This caused an open, organized rebellion against Boss McLaughlin this year, which has stripped him of his patronage and buried him out of power.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERFORMANCE AND NEGLECT.

The difference between serving one President and another is not quite so obvious to the popular apprehension. The difference between the performance and the neglect of public duty. It is not generally considered to the credit of Attorney General McVeagh that he left his post at the time the Star route contention was approaching danger.—Mr. McVeagh, in connection with Mr. James, should have finished the postal reforms they had jointly begun. He failed to do so he has given Mr. Arthur an excuse for washing his hands of the Star route business.

COSTLY MACHINE POLITICS.

Mr. Astor, the Republican candidate for Congress in one of the New York districts, had twenty-seven men doing clerical work for him. The postage on his circulars and letters was upwards of $1,000, and the cost of printing and stationery $1,500. There were one hundred and five election districts which cost him near $3,000. Each liquor dealer was well paid. Twenty thousand dollars were expended in Mr. Astor's canvass. Such is the way an Astor runs for Congress in a New York district. If it cost Mr. William W. Astor upwards of $20,000 not to be elected, it may be fair to presume that it costs a great deal of money to be elected. The defeat of Mr. Astor in the Eleventh New York Congressional district shows that even in these sordid days, and in the heart of a money-getting city, a candidate cannot always buy a seat in Congress with his double eagles. The latest estimate made of the sum total is, that wealthy Mr. Astor bought his defeat for Congress with $6,000 *unpunched* dollars, a great many of which went for *punches*. For the election of the Committee of One Hundred to philosophic mind a thousand crumbs of comfort.

WONDERFUL AMERICAN PROGRESS.

The increasing facility in the United States for finding out ways in which swans how not to do what ought to be done is truly wonderful. It has been discovered that the Star route thieves have not offended against the District of Columbia, but against the Union, and that the United States has no more right to interfere in the prosecution of Guiteau than if the murder of Garfield had been committed in one of the territories. The Star route robbers have not offended against the District, or any State or Territory, but did offend against the Union, and therefore it does not come under the special province of the Attorney General to enforce the laws against them; nor has District Attorney Corkhill any legal right to prosecute them.—The present state of things at the National Capital appear to be that the Attorney General of the United States has no more right to interfere in the prosecution of Guiteau than if the murder of the late President had been committed in one of the remote territories; while the District Attorney of Washington has legality no more to do with the Star route cases than the District Attorney of a State has. The doings at Washington in the Guiteau case serve to illustrate the increasing facilities American lawyers have for finding ways and means how not to do what ought to be done. American progress in everything, and especially that of law, is truly wonderful.

SYSTEMATIC SMUGGLING.

The favorite dodge of American Congressmen of franking their soiled linen back to their domestic wash tub has at least the merit of an aspiration to the dignity of a clean shirt. But it seems that it is not the Congressmen of America who alone appreciate the advantages of free postal services. The vigilance of M. Hillaire has unearthed a systematic smuggling of foreign goods by the clerks in the French Foreign Post Office. A bag was recently opened by accident and found to contain a quantity of fur, a Cossack saddle, a pair of boots, and other things, instead of important dispatches. This beats the favorite dodge of American Congressmen, that of franking their dirty shirts.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Whereas Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, has recommended all the people to observe Thursday, the 24th of the present month, as a day of National thanksgiving and prayer, let all do so, inasmuch as it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto the Most High. While all should be thankful, there are many who on reading President Arthur's thanksgiving proclamation, while their lips may not utter it, the thought will arise in their heart, what am I to be thankful for? The outlook for the winter which is upon me is fraught with solicitude—indeed, dismay. I have a houseful of children to feed and to clothe, and am without means to do so. This thought comes up with peculiar force to thousands of poor men and women who can recall no special blessings in their history for which they should be grateful. They should, nevertheless, be thankful that things are no worse with them. It is in the divine philosophy of life to be cheerful and courageous in the face of adverse circumstances. The true man or woman will be cheerful under all circumstances. "Instead of murmuring at their lack of good things, they are thankful for such things as they have. We should therefore be thankful that things are no worse than they are. Though the kindly earth has not brought forth her increase with her accustomed generosity, there is still enough of her bounties in the land to answer all our needs, and even though speculators and monopolists may extort tribute from us, as it were drops of blood from our faces, yet there is sufficient to feed and clothe us all. The poor man, who has health, with good arms, even if his legs are lost, is better off than the millionaire without health. Let us not doubt God's protection, or be slow in trusting to His guidance. "Yea, Father! for so it seemed good in Thy sight."—*Matt.* xi, 26. Everything that happens to us happens by God's order, and is it not just to acquiesce in what ever is ordained by God? The greatest happiness of a reasonable creature is to will that which its Creator willeth. The saints are saints only because their will is in conformity with the will of God. What the world calls misfortune is in most cases an advantage, a grace, a favor from heaven, when considered in the order of Providence. I have had opportunities to enrich myself which it was God's will I should not embrace. His will that I should not embrace them. I am poor, and thank God that I am poor.—Whether the President is sincere in his proclamation or not, let all sincerely return solemn thanks to the All-Giving Source from whom all blessings flow.

THE "GUITEAU ADMINISTRATION."

There was sincerity in the rumor that went floating around in the newspapers of a formal denial from Grant that he was looking forward to a third term. The truth and sincerity of that statement is now manifest. Arthur is only a figure-head, and the "Guiteau Administration" as it is now termed is Grant's third term. The "Guiteau Administration" means Grantism and all the name implies. It means Grantism, and Grantism means spoils. Grant is now in the third month of his third term, and is looking ahead for the fourth term. Before the breath was out of Garfield's body Grant, with his brutal instincts—the soldier who has ridden into fame over the dead bodies of thousands of his slaughtered soldiers—was not appalled by the violent death of one more which again opened up the way to his personal aggrandizement and political power. There is no sentimental nonsense about Grant, and it was for no respect or love for Garfield that he visited Francklyn Cottage a few days before Garfield's death, but it was in anticipation of what he knew was about to come to pass. As the Philadelphia *Times'* correspondent very aptly and knowingly says, "he couldn't wait until the man was dead. He was restless, planning figuring it all out, and every time he turned from this mental occupation to the sick man he was impatient at the unnecessary delay of Providence. Metaphorically, he could have ridden his war horse over the dying man and trampled the life out of him with the same iron determination with which he had often ridden to victory before. When the end did come it was what he had expected, and he stepped in as easily as if he were the undertaker. In fact, Grant is a 'bigger' man to-day than when he was signing his name as President, and scooping in everything from a house and lot to a bull pup. No other man ever lived who has such a complete grasp upon the sweetmeats and sugar plums of power." Grant has succeeded Garfield in all save the name and the responsibility of his acts. He is enjoying his third term, and is planning and looking ahead for the fourth term. The "Guiteau Administration" is Grant's third term. Had he ascended the Guiteau throne as Arthur did it would have caused a revolution. The country, frightened with the shadow of Cæsarism, would have been up in arms at the idea of Cæsar becoming ruler by violence; but Grant has succeeded to the throne through Arthur and is enjoying its emoluments and power without any of its responsibilities; and when the spoils are divided the country will realize that this is Grant's administration and not Arthur's.—Arthur is only a figure head, and Grant the power behind the throne in the "Guiteau Administration." G. N. S.

FROM "THE TIMES."—*Editor of the Times:* The veterinary department in your valuable paper is always read by me with great interest and I value the information received from it a hundred fold more than the small amount paid for the paper. One year ago you published a letter from Dr. John Bates, relating the wonderful success he had had in curing spavins and splints with Kendall's Spavin Cure, and to allusion to which I now in his practice for several human ailments on account of the success he has always had with it. The above statement from so prominent a Physician gave me great faith in its efficacy, and as I had been afflicted for years with rheumatism and hip-joint lameness so bad that I could hardly walk at times, I procured a bottle and as it has completely cured me I wish to proclaim it to all the world as the most wonderful discovery ever made for the benefit of afflicted men as well as for the poor horse, for which it was first used. As this remedy must be of incalculable value to the world, I write this letter to express my thankfulness to you for ever mentioning it in your columns and to ask another favor in behalf of my fellow men who are afflicted in body that you continue to make known to the world, the great value of Kendall's Spavin Cure for both man as well as beast.

Respectfully yours,
ARNOLD PARKER.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 1st, 1881.

A SINGULAR DREAM.—The Harrisburg *Patriot* of the 9th inst. relates the following:

The *Patriot* of last week contained an item inquiring the whereabouts of William Donavan, son of David Donavan, of Middletown, who it was alleged strayed away from home. William was subject to epilepsy and it was generally surmised that during one of these attacks he fell into the creek or canal and was drowned. Search was instituted Sunday in the canal but without result. Monday night George Warrick, a young man of Middletown, claimed to have had a dream in which he saw the body of young Donavan was revealed lying at the bottom of the Swatara at the aqueduct bridge. Warrick told the story of the premonition to several of his companions, and thought little more of the matter, but they accompanied him, and with grappling irons and a boat dragged the bottom of the creek. Sunday morning at nine o'clock the work before the hook caught and a steady pull brought to the surface the almost unrecognizable features of the missing man. He was at once taken to shore, and the sad story of his finding soon found its way through the town.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—Upon the recommendation of a friend, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was fast wasting away in consumption.—Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease; but to my surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend, and is now quite restored to her former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said, "Your children were required." And when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded, "That is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS, of Askey & Phelps, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 12, 1881.

JEMIMA BURKE, of Fleming, Ky., was visited simultaneously by two suitors, Royce and Rodgers. Neither was inclined to retire and leave the other alone with the girl, because both knew that they had alike come to pop the question. After two hours of obstinate sitting, Rodgers remarked that a man was selling moonshine whisky in a lonely place half a mile away, and invited Royce to go and drink some. They went together and got the whiskey. Rodgers then said he guessed he would return to Jemima, as he wished to see her alone. Royce replied that he had a precisely similar intention. That made Rodgers desperate, and he shot Royce to death.

EXPERIENCE THE BEST GUIDE.—The constant practice most women have in caring for the sick makes them often more skillful than physicians in selecting medicines. The reason why women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic is, because they have learned by the best of guides—experience—that this excellent family medicine speedily overcomes despondency, periodical headache, indigestion, liver complaints, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal.*

THE New Bloomfield *Times* says that a son of John S. Kistler, of Spring township, Perry county, has a watch which shows the time of night, no matter how dark it is; but before it does this, it must be held to a lighted lamp for about a minute, after which, when it is placed in the dark, the face of the watch looks as if a light shone upon it, or as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus. It is said to retain this brilliancy for thirteen hours. Our correspondent says, "no one here can explain the cause of this peculiar brightness."

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS: I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dy-pepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist church of this place and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your Bitters.

Very respectfully, REV. H. FEREBEE.

MISS LILLIAN DUERR, who leaped into notoriety at Pocomoke City two years ago by fatally shooting Miss Ella Hearn, has just been married to a young man of that place. It will be remembered that Miss Duerr was tried and convicted and that the circumstances surrounding the death of Miss Hearn were very peculiar. It was said at the time that Miss Duer wanted Miss Hearn to marry her and live as her husband.

IF you are deaf, eats run, and have Catarrh, take PERUNA. I have tried it.—D. C. WILEY, Houghton, Pa.

NEW AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—More than one-fourth of all the iron ore mined in this country is the product of Pennsylvania miners.

—"The last wolf in Scotland is said to have been killed by Sir Gowen Cameron, at Lochiel, in 1680. D've see it?

—The Thanksgiving proclamation of Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, is made up of four texts of Scripture and a hymn.

—The dwelling of James Laguire, of North Farrisburg, Vt., was burned on Wednesday of this week and two children perished.!

—Judge Sassaman, of Berks county, has decided that graveyard insurance companies must pay policies at their full face value.

—The Pittsburg *Leader* has been sued for $10,000 damages by a woman who it alleged said she was glad of the assassination of the President.

—A Massachusetts man who voted last week says that the first candidate for whom he ever voted was James Madison, and the year was 1808.

—A young gray eagle was captured near Marysville, Dauphin county, last Thursday, by John Dunn, a gang boss on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—All the Governors are following the President's example, and issuing proclamations for a day of Thanksgiving on Thursday, November 24.

—Some mischievous boys at Pine Grove, took the sign of one of the graveyard insurance companies of that place and hung it on the gate of the cemetery.

—Two cars containing thirteen passengers were blown from the Central Colorado track near Georgetown, Col., on Friday, but no one was dangerously hurt.

—An explosion of gas occurred on Saturday in a sulphur mine at Gessolungo, near Catanissetta, Italy. Forty persons were killed and forty-one injured.

—Fifteen cases of small pox have been reported in Biddeford, Maine, all the public schools there have been closed and more than three thousand people vaccinated.

—Ed Partridge, colored, of Americus, Ga., whipped his step-daughter, Belle Holmes, to death. The flesh was beaten from the body. The citizens threaten to lynch him.

—Johiel Kent, a noted turfman, of Susquehanna, Pa., and the owner of some fine horses, while attempting to harness a fractious horse on Saturday was kicked to death.

—Mrs. W. M. Evans, of Pottstown, claims to have the tomahawk used by Sitting Bull in the Custer massacre. It was given to her by Lieutenant Ogle, to whom it was surrendered.

—Snow fell last week in large quantities in Western Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico and trains were greatly delayed. In other portions of the West very heavy rains have fallen.

—While attending services on Sunday morning at St. Bridget's Catholic church, Meadville, Mrs. Mary Boler, an aged lady, residing in Valonia, dropped dead from heart disease.

—A New Haven young woman has twice postponed her marriage after the wedding guests had assembled, giving no reason, except that she was not quite ready. The affianced husband is hopeful.

—H. G. Potter, who three months ago eloped with his stepdaughter, Lulu Swartz, aged 17 years, from Moscow, Lackawanna county, has been arrested. He was apprehended at Bethlehem and is now in jail in default of bail.

—Sylvanus Howe, a mattress-maker at Detroit, lashed his wife's throat with a razor until he thought she was certain to die, and then poisoned himself with prussic acid. Mrs. Howe is not greatly injured.

—A four-year-old son of John Fox was killed at Wilmington, Del., on Saturday, by a bulldog belonging to John Doran. The dog broke its chain, caught the boy by the throat and horribly mangled him, causing almost instant death.

—Joseph Brown and Albert Smith, who claim their residence is in Pittsburg, and that their fathers are respectable merchants there, were found in a mail car at Steubenville, Ohio, concealed under the bags, with supposed intent to rob the mails.

—Alexander McElwin, and wife, colored, on Thursday night visited the store of E. Faircloth, near Albany, Ga., and because the woman was refused credit her husband killed Faircloth by striking him with an axe twice, and then made good his escape.

—At Blue Mound, Ill., on Friday, James T. Ward and Dr. Roswell W. Shaw, aged about 60 years, quarrelled and the difficulty ended in Ward shooting Shaw, killing him instantly. Ward is at liberty. Dr. Shaw was a practising physician at Macon, Ill.

—The organ rolled its notes from the growling diapason to the gentle flute, and the congregation accompanied by deep sepulchral coughs to coughs scarcely audible, because they had not yet heard of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—A cyclone struck the premises of Matt F. Ash, near Madison Station, Miss., 12 miles north of Jackson, on Saturday, afternoon, completely demolishing and carrying away all the buildings and severely injuring Mrs. Ash, two of her children and four other persons.

—And now the Star route thieves are beginning to declare that Garfield never had any faith in the "prosecution" of them and was wont to upbraid MacVeagh for proceeding on mere "suspicions" against honest men and good Republicans whose "tracts" carried Indiana.

—A man named Adam Stoneaker obtained employment on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg the other day, and worked twelve minutes, when he decamped. On pay-day a check for two cents was made payable to his order, which is at the Union Station awaiting him.

—It is a remarkable freak or a remarkable lie by some newspaper correspondent that the bullet shot at Guiteau by Mason, was by mere chance flattened into a jagged piece of lead, forming a perfect profile of Guiteau readily recognizable by hundreds to whom the jail warden has shown it.

—A New York paper says that the body of A. T. Stewart was recovered a week before last upon the payment of $37,000 and a pledge that the robbers should not be prosecute l, and that it was placed in Garden City on Tuesday night. It is a little over three years since the body was stolen.

—The burning of worthless graveyard insurance policies, which was to have taken place in District township, Berks county, on Saturday, was postponed on account of the rain. The ceremony will take place on Saturday, December 10, and $300,000 worth of policies will then be cremated.

—A "crank," who had lost a good deal of money in stocks in New York, was caught Sunday in the act of sending threatening letters to Jay Gould. His name is Col. J. Howard Welles, he is a near relative of the late Secretary of the Navy, and has many influential and rich relatives living. He is sixty years of age.

—The troubles and scandals of the Hayes administration constantly increase, and now the wave of corruption rolls up to the hem of Schurz's robe. The prosecutors of a claim for supplies lost by Indian depredations allege that they had to pay the chief clerk of the Indian bureau $5,000 to get the congressional appropriation

—Frank Horner and Lizzie Marietta, boys aged fourteen and ten respectively, quarrelled over a game of marbles at Shelbyville, Indiana, on Saturday, when the younger boy started to run to avoid a fight. He was caught and held by another boy while Horner ran up behind and stabbed him in the back, penetrating the lung. The injured lad cannot live.

—At Dunbar, Fayette county, the express train struck Wm. Tearney, a miner aged 45, while he was attempting to cross the track. His body was horribly mangled and his entrails were strewn for twenty feet along the track. He was drunk at the time he was killed, and had been drinking hard for several days. He leaves a wife and seven children.

—The house of an old man named Anson Vail, five miles from Hillsboro, Mo., was burned on Saturday night, and next morning it was discovered that the old man had perished in the flames, and from the fact that he was supposed to have a considerable amount of money in his possession it is believed that he was robbed and murdered and the house fired to conceal the crime.

—The bodies of Herbert Osborne and a Mrs. Prince were found on Monday morning in her house near San Raphael, Cal. The woman's jaw was broken and her skull fractured by a smoothing iron. She was found lying on the floor. A bottle partially filled with laudanum was found on Osborne's person. The theory is that the woman was killed by Osoorne, who then committed suicide.

—For Judge, Green, Republican, defeats Reilly, Democrat, in Democratic Schuylkill, Rockafeller, Republican, defeats Ryan, Democrat, in Democratic Northumberland; Bueher, Democrat, defeats Linn, Republican, in Republican Union, Snyder and Mifflin, and Baer, Democrat, defeats Cessna, in Republican Somerset and Bedford; and the Philadelphia *Times* thinks the people haven't made any serious mistake in any of their judicial whirls.

—Advices from Cape Coast Castle, dated October 18, state that information has been received there that the King of Ashantee has killed two hundred young girls for the purpose of using their blood in mixing mortar for the repair of one of the State buildings. The report of the massacre was received from a refugee who was to have been one of the victims. It receives some confirmation, also, in the fact that such wholesale massacres are known to be a custom with the King.

—A pathway only eighteen inches wide is cut into the side of Slate Mountain, near Leadville, at a height, over an almost perpendicular chasm, of 1,200 feet. Few men who use it have strong enough nerves to walk upright, but instinctively crouch or "coon it," as the local saying is. The foolhardiness of James Zern in attempting the passage when the ground was a glare of ice may, therefore, be imagined. He slipped, fell, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground more than a quarter of a mile below.

—Ten boilers at the extensive lumber and salt manufactory of Hamilton & McClure, six miles below East Saginaw, Mich., exploded on Sunday morning, wrecking the property to the extent of $25,000 and killing four firemen, Michael and Joseph Labeau, Frank Blanchard and Charles Carpenter. Low water caused the explosion. The brick boiler house and brick chimney were leveled to the ground, and the mill and salt block were badly damaged. The debris were thrown in every direction, pieces coming down half a mile distant.

—The Reading *Eagle* says it is reported on good authority in coal circles that a syndicate representing a combined capital of $15,000,000, and having for its object the controlling of the entire anthracite production of the State, is in course of formation. William Audenried, of Philadelphia, Charles Parrish, of Wilkesbarre, and Fredrick A. Potts, of New Jersey, are mentioned in connection with the movement. It is said that the members can see their way clear to make an aggregate of $500,000 a year merely for handling the coal.

—At Crown Point, Indiana, on Thursday, Mrs. Caroline Forsyth and her husband, Jacob Forsyth, signed a warrantee deed on an eight thousand acre tract of land owned by them, at Sheffield, Lake county, Indiana, and bordering on the Illinois line, about fourteen miles from Chicago. Colonel Forsyth receives $1,000,000 for his property, of which $350,000 in cash was paid on Wednesday. He made his deed to William W. Green, of New Jersey, who immediately gave a warrantee deed to the East Chicago Improvement Company, the consideration being $3,000,000.

—Ellis P. Wood, a farmer in West Bradford township, Chester county, visited his barn a few days ago and found one of his horses almost buried in oats. The grain had been stored in a granery immediately over the stall in which the horse stood, and the hungry equine had deliberately eaten a hole through the floor over his head. He could not stop the flow of his favorite feed after it had once begun, and in a short time found himself engulfed by about 300 bushels, and would no doubt have paid the penalty of his greed with his life had he not been discovered and promptly relieved by his master.

—Deputy Attorney General Gilbert and Insurance Commissioner Foster appeared in court at Harrisburg on Saturday morning and asked for writs of quo warranto for the dissolution of a number of mutual insurance companies that did not comply with the terms of their charter. The applications were received and Friday, the 20th instant, was fixed for argument. This move on the part of the State has created confusion among the different companies in that city, of which there are about twenty. They intend to combine and present their side of the case through the best obtainable legal ability.

—On Saturday evening a skiff ferryboat containing nineteen persons was swamped in crossing from Troy, N. Y., to Port Schuyler. The following are known to be drowned, and three others are missing: Thomas Marrion, Sr., Giles Leroy, Henry Leroy, Michael McMahon, Francis Reilley and John Keyes, Mrs. Leroy, wife of Giles and mother of Henry, who is at the point of death, has not been informed of her loss. With the exception of the Leroys, all the drowned were employed at Burden's Iron Works, in Troy. One of the missing leaves a wife and eleven children; another a wife and seven children.

—A Louisville girl made an engagement to elope with a young man whom her father had forbidden to enter the house. The plan was to ride in a close carriage across the line into Indiana, have the marriage performed, and return to boldly announce themselves husband and wife. This was carried out as far as the start in the carriage. Then the man kissed the girl, and she found whiskey on his breath. More than that, she judged his unusual vivacity to be the result of slight intoxication. She at once declared the match off. As he would not turn back, she called a policeman to her aid, got into another carriage, and went home unmarried.

THE TYPICAL IRISH PRIEST,

AS DESCRIBED FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION BY ONE WHO HAD SO LOVE FOR THE IRISH OR THEIR FAITH.

D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), of the Toledo (O.) *Blade*, who has been traveling through Ireland, furnishes that paper in one of his letters with the following graphic description of an Irish priest whom he visited in his abode in one of the Western counties of that unfortunate island. He says:

"Half way between Kenmare and Killarney, in a wild, desolate country, lives one of those parish priests who are supposed to inhabit luxurious homes, and to ride fine horses, and to be generally jolly singing "The Cruiskeen Lawn," with a pipe in one hand and a glass of poteen in the other.

"He is a magnificent man. In face and figure he is the exact picture of the lamented Salmon P. Chase, one of the greatest of Americans. Where genius and intellect mean something, and where great ability finds great rewards he would have been one of the most eminent of men. A man of great learning, of wonderful tuitions, of cool, clear judgement, of great nerve and unbounded heart, he could, were he to come to America and devote his priestly robes, be President of a great railroad corporation, or a Senator, or anything else he chose to be. But what is he in Ireland? His apartments comprise a bedroom just large enough to hold a very poor bed, and a study, in a better class farm house, for which he pays rent the same as anybody else does. His fare is unexpert, and the entire furniture of his rooms, leaving out his library, would not involve $10. His parish is one of the widest and bleakest in Ireland, and is twenty-five miles long and eighteen wide.

"Now understand that this man is the lawyer, the friend, the guide and director in temporal as well as spiritual matters, of the entire population of this district. If a husband and wife quarrel, it is his duty to hear and decide. If a tenant gets into trouble with his landlord, he is to go between to arrange it. In short, every trouble, great and small, in the parish is referred to him, and he must act. He is their lawyer as well as their priest. He is their everything. His supplies to them are the intelligence that the most infernal government on earth has denied them.

"But this is a small part of his duties. He has to conduct services at all the chapels in this stretch of country. He has to watch over the morals of all the people. Yet this is not all. No matter at what hour of the night, no matter what the condition of the weather, the summons to the bedside of the dying man to administer the last sacraments of the Church must be obeyed. It may be to do this requires a ride on horseback of twenty miles in a blinding storm, but it must be done. Every child must be christened, every death sanctified, every sorrow mitigated by the only comfort

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 18, 1881.

ANOTHER BEREAVEMENT.

Less than three weeks ago the editor and his family were called upon to mourn the loss of their eldest daughter and sister, Annie B., dearly beloved by all who knew her, and now the monster Death has opened afresh the cruel wounds in our bleeding hearts by taking from us our youngest son, Willie, less than three years old—another victim of that pitiless scourge, diphtheria. Thus has our once happy household been broken up for a time, the only part of safety for the rest of our loved ones in this hour of deep affliction seeming to be the hospitable home of their kind and loving grandparents, where all of us are located for the present. That God in His unbounded mercy may stay the hand of the fell destroyer and spare the remaining members of our sadly decimated and greatly bereaved family is all we can now hope and pray for. Should Hein His infinite wisdom decree it otherwise, however, and the failure of our subscribers to receive their papers next week, should such be the case, will to them be evidence sufficient that the hand of affliction is still upon us, so we beg and implore Him to grant us all the grace and strength necessary to enable us to bear the heavy burden patiently and uncomplainingly.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Johnstown had five funerals on Wednesday.

—Death to rats and vermin—Parsons' Exterminator. [10-7.-1m.]

—A large stock of steel sleigh shoes just received at G. Huntley's.

—A large assortments of trunks and valises just received at G. Huntley's.

—A white squirrel was shot near Lucy Furnace, Huntingdon county, on Saturday.

—A large assortment of picture frame mouldings, etc., just received at G. Huntley's.

—The most complete assortment of the best and nicest lamps in town can be seen at G. Huntley's.

—The largest stock of floor, stair and table oil cloths in town can be found at G. Huntley's.

—The finest display of glassware and queensware in town is on exhibition at G. Huntley's.

—We are informed that work on the extension to the Cresson Springs hotel will be begun next Monday.

—The Johnstown pest house contains four small-pox patients, or did contain that number on Thursday last.

—Nervous pains and weaknesses, malarial diseases, fever and ague, positively cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Samuel Yeing, of the Zulu tribe of Africa, is advertised to lecture in Zion M. E. church, Johnstown, this evening.

—For Cabinet and Photos, look Perry, Pittsburg, Pa. For sale at new drug store.

—You need no other.—Miss M. Russell, Pittsburg, Pa. For sale at new drug store.

—"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Seiters' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25 cents.

—Letters for T. Lynch, Miss Teresa Scanlan, Miss Mary Tilliott, A. D. Tolbush and Jos. Wertz remain uncalled for at the Ebensburg postoffice.

—Postmaster James is once more confined to the house with his old complaint, quinsy, which seems determined to stay with him as long as he lives.

—Only two or three of those useful little articles known as broom and mop holders, worth ten times the cost to one, left. For sale at G. Huntley's.

—Our townsman Mr. Dwight Jones had the misfortune to sprain one of his legs a couple of days ago, and when he walks, it is with the aid of crutches.

—Mr. John Hoy, wife and children, of East Conemaugh, all of whom have been suffering with small pox, were reported out of danger on Tuesday last.

—The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hamden, Ohio.

—Mrs. Michael Dickey, of Quemahoning township, Somerset county, was so severely injured by being thrown from a buggy one day last week that she died soon after.

—Owing to the indisposition of Judge Dean, whose illness, we trust, is not serious, he was unable to hold Court in Huntingdon this week, and Judge Orvis, of Bellefonte, is therefore presiding in his place.

—County Superintendent Strayer seems to be meeting with much success in the establishing of District Institutes for the benefit of teachers and directors as well.

—In Indiana county the average buckwheat crop ranges from 1,200 to 1,472. None of their candidates were successful, however, except one Commissioner and one Auditor.

—The telegraph lines were down somewhere on the route on Tuesday and communication between this point and the rest of the world was completely cut off.

—Canvassing Clerk—for Judge Dean from either Blair or Huntingdon counties his vote here aggregating 5,984, as against 5,429 to Blair and 5,165 to Huntingdon county.

—A man named Daves, who also goes by another name, is lying dangerously ill in the county jail, consumption being his ailment. He is charged with theft committed in the south of the county.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send for pamphlet. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

—Jason Dean, colored, got to the lockup at Everett, Bedford county, to which he had been committed on last Saturday afternoon for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and was turned to death in the rains.

—Chas. Eayre Hickie, Jersey City Heights, N. J., reports that his son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. From his head to his feet was one mass of sores.

—A dispatch from Tarr's station, on the Southwest Penn's R. R., to the Greensburg Argus says that the small pox has broken out among the dogs in that locality and that several of them have been killed on that account.

—Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, is well again. Completely cured of a scrofulous humor which poisoned his blood, covering his face and hand with sores, by Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

—Mr. John Tibbott and Miss Ida Davis, daughter of Mr. R. K. Davis, of the East ward, were married yesterday (Thursday) evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. T. R. Jones. Forever happy may they be.

—The saw mill of John R. Shaffer, in Beaver township, Clearfield county, was set on fire and totally destroyed on Monday night last week by the accidental explosion of a night watchman's lamp. Loss, $2,000; no insurance.

—Mr. David Jones, of Cambria township, a couple of miles west of Ebensburg, reports seeing seven tracks of a bear in that vicinity not long since, and only awaits the fall of a proper quantity of snow to go out and make the monster bite the dust.

—A young man named Thomas Horrocks, a resident of Conemaugh borough, was crushed by a fall of stone in a quarry operated by his father, near that place, on Monday last, receiving injuries which resulted in his death the same afternoon

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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TIN, COPPER,

-AND-

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

-AND-

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

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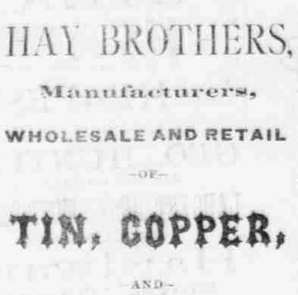
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St

JOHNSTOWN, PA.



THE

Chicago & North-Western RAILWAY

Is the OLDEST; BEST CONSTRUCTED; BEST EQUIPPED; and hence the

LEADING RAILWAY

-OF THE-

WEST AND NORTHWEST!

It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in

Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for

COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, DENVER, LEADVILLE, SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Deadwood, Sioux City.

Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Territories and in the West. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Hudson, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Pembina, La Crosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.

At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'y's depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.

At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.

☞Close connections made at Junction Points.

It is the ONLY LINE running

PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS

-BETWEEN-

CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will

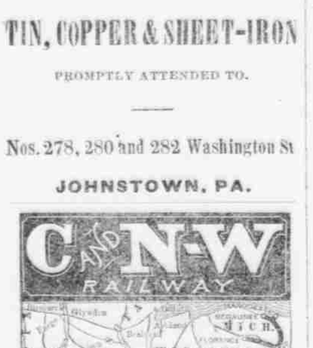
☞TAKE NONE OTHER.

☞All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.

MARVIN HUGHITT,
2d V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.

[4-18.] WESTWARD. [1y.]

TAKE THE



THE GREAT

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

☞No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka, and Kansas City. Through Cars for all points in Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman 1876 Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line. Also, C. B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Day Coaches are fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs (or the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Short Lines and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, etc., will be cheerfully given by applying to

J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
209 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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JOSEPH McDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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☞Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 1881.-tf.

$72 a week. $12a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address *True & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address *F. Swain & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our fair Female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞Sold by all Druggists.-'83

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

One of the Reasonable Pleasures

Of life, a properly cooked meal, affords little or no present enjoyment, and much subsequent torture, to a confirmed dyspeptic. But when chronic indigestion is combated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the food is eaten with relish, and, most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, fever and ague.

☞For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. [11-7.-1m.]

Floreston Cologne

Most Fragrant & Refreshing of Perfumes
Exceedingly Delicate and Lasting.
Price, 25 cts.; Large Bottles, 75 cts.
Sold by Andrews Drugs & Perfumery. Signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every bottle.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Medicine for Every Family.
NEVER INTOXICATES.

Made from Canada Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and other of the best vegetable remedies known, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC has remarkably varied curative powers, & is the greatest Stomach Corrector, Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator ever made &

The Best Medicine You can Use for Restoring Health & Strength

It commences to act from the first dose, searches out the weak organs, and is warranted to cure or help all diseases of the Bowels, Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, all Complaints of Women, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism and Drunkenness.

Try a bottle to-day; it may save your life, cost, and $1 sizes at druggists. Every genuine bottle has our signature on outside wrapper, Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam

Just What is Wanted.

Everybody whose hair is gray or faded has felt the need of a Hair Restorer and dressing that is cleanly, agreeably perfumed and fashionable. Parker's Hair Balsam satisfies the most fastidious in these respects. Sold by druggists at 50c. and $1.

PE-RU-NA

is nature's greatest remedy. Dr. Hartman's Peruna has sold to 50,000 patients, all of whom recovered or were much improved.

PERUNA will be their physician—the young, the middle-aged, the old; the babe and the mother.

PERUNA always agrees with the patient. It cleanses the system of all its impurities, tones the stomach, regulates the heart, nourishes the nerves, and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the great appetizer, makes rich blood, and is the weary and tired from the toils and cares of the day it gives sweet rest.

PERUNA should be taken by every body before each meal, when well, to prevent sickness; when sick, to cure. $500 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help.

If PERUNA is used according to directions, each one a great remedy in itself, these paragraphs will be verified.

It is pleasant to the taste, and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.

For a book which will enable you to treat yourself, address S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO. Always regulate the bowels and pelvic organs with

MAN-A-LIN

☞Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [8-33,'81.-1y.*]

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

And the Purest and Best Medical Qualities of all other Bitters.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, Opium, Tobacco and Narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence, sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured: pointing out a mode of cure at once certain, simple and effectual, by means at which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.

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This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address also a sure cure for Tape Worm. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.
Post Office Box 4590. [10-7,'81.-1y.]

WONDERS IN INVENTIONS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST DECADE.

The last ten years in the history of American inventions have been wonderfully prolific in important results. To say nothing of the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light and the system of automatic and quadruplex telegraphy, all of which have been so fully described that their principles are perfectly familiar to the general public, there have been numerous discoveries, and improvements which, in their way have brought about revolutions in the arts and sciences. Among the most important of recent discoveries are improvements in the manufacture of vulcanized India-rubber in its various applications, which have resulted in making it the best and cheapest material for superior and highly finished combs. These combs, in flexibility and durability, are equal to the best horn and shell, and are now extensively manufactured. The principal factories for the making of rubber combs are located in Connecticut.

The material produced by this new process possesses peculiar qualities. It is more perfectly elastic than common caoutchouc, resisted the action of the ordinary solvents of that material, is better able to resist the wear and tear of its surface and preserves its flexibility at all temperatures. Then Mr. Nelson Goodyear patented a process for solidifying rubber, making it susceptible to any form or process of manufacture.

The next invention of any importance was a pegging machine. Pegged shoes made by hand were manufactured in large quantities a long time before the invention of this machine; but the manufacture was, and is, confined chiefly to men's boots and shoes, and to the coarser kinds of ladies' shoes. Lynn, the great center of the manufacture of ladies' shoes, was never engaged to any extent in the manufacture of pegged shoes. The introduction of this machine largely increased the production, and, of course, diminished the cost of the product. There have been many improvements in the stitching machine, the product originally of the mechanical genius of Elias Howe. This machine was first perfected in 1845.

A process has recently been patented in the United States by which shot is made at a low elevation by forcing a strong current of air upon it as it falls into the water. Another important use to which lead is put is the preparation of oxide of lead or white lead as a pigment. In this branch of the lead industry this country takes a prominent and probably a leading position, as the practice of painting dwelling houses is more common than in any other country.

The safety drum, another new invention, is a safety device which guards against accidents arising from such derangement in elevator machinery, or some obstruction in the hatchway, whereby the ropes may be uncoiled from the main drum of the engine, while the car remains temporarily lodged at a greater or less distance from the bottom. It is also a perfect safeguard against the too rapid descent of the car, in case the belt or any part of the gearing connected with the engine should give way, or if run too fast by the carelessness of the operator.

Great improvements have been made in the methods of construction used for iron safes, making them impregnable to almost any appliance in use by the most expert burglars. The doors, which are generally the weak point of a safe, are constructed of plates so dovetailed and fitting correspondingly into the jambs that the wedge, the most effective implement used by the burglar is perfectly powerless against them, while the accuracy with which they fit offers no opportunity for any crevice into which nitroglycerine or any other explosive fluid can be introduced. The body of the safe being also constructed of alternate plates of iron, welded iron and steel, carbonized and decarbonized steel and crystal steel, fastened together by bolts from the inside, effectively prevents them being forced by sledge-hammers, jimmies, jack-screws or any other burglarious instrument. Their fire-proof qualities are also secured by a filling of concrete, which makes them absolutely proof against fire and damp. In addition to the fire-proof filling, the safes are furnished with improved combination locks, varied for each safe, many of which are supplied with an automatic rotary movement, and consequently operated without any arbor or spindle passing through the door in the lock, rendering it impossible to pick them by any process yet invented.

In 1849, Dr. Gathney invented a method of transmitting power by means of compressed air driven through pipes. Up to ten years ago his application for a patent for this process from the United States was rejected on the ground that it was a discovery and not an invention. Patents have, however, been obtained for it in Europe, and it is by means of this method that the tunnel of Mont Cenis has been worked. The process was used in the work on the Hoosac Mountain tunnel.

In 1872, Dr. Gatling invented and patented a steam plow, or earth pulverizing machine, to be propelled by steam and animal power combined. The failure of his health and the low price of grain at that time prevented his bringing this invention into practical use. Dr. Gatling had devoted his time and attention to improving the gun which bears his name, and the success which has attended his labors seduced him from the more congenial field of peaceful invention.

Inventive talent has been brought to bear upon soap. Several materials have been avowedly and openly mixed with soaps as improvements. The use of resin has been utilized. Silex, either as sand or in the form of "water-glass" or soluble glass (nitrate of sodr), is one of the most common, and soaps made in this way are extremely efficient and useful. Modified soaps of various special purposes are now made by mixing lime-water, dissolved alum, etc., with soap already made.

It is a gratifying fact to note that inventors are taking advantage of the great capabilities of non for beautifying forms, as shown in its use for architectural purposes. It strength makes it suitable for structural and tracery of a light and graceful effect, altogether beyond what is possible in wood or stone. In it can now be rendered both the simpler and the richer beauties of the Greek orders, the characteristic arches and stratifications of Rome, the points and pinnacles of Gothic design and the traceries and arabesques, domes and pinnacles of the Moors. Some of the combinations recently produced by a union of light castings and wire or road work in trellises and verandas are wonderfully rich and light in effect.

THE TOPMOST EAR OF CORN THE BEST.—Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, who is doing a great deal for agriculture by his experiments, says of corn, that the topmost ear is the best for seed. Of two fields, one planted with seed taken at random and the other selected in the field, the latter yielded as much again as the former. Manure and cultivation may be thrown away on poor seed. The best time to cultivate corn is before planting. A shallow cultivation was was recommended. Twenty-three ears of corn can be produced from one kernel, and by proper cultivation and the use of the best seeds as high as twenty-five ears. Smut is a great damage to corn, and smutty corn is very injurious to cattle.

SAVE the middle grains of the best ears of corn for seed.

BROWN'S

IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book, 32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free*. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

ESTABLISHED 1840

DUFF'S COLLEGE

The Oldest. The Best.

● An institution for imparting a Practical Business Education. Young and middle aged men fitted for the actual duties of life. Students can enter at any time. Individual instruction. Large and finely furnished Halls and Offices. Comprehensive course of study. Regular and appropriate Lectures. Thorough Teaching—Practical Training. For Circulars address P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED, & 25 CENTS BY USING

DR METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE MD.

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE [illegible]

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 25 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'r, Burlington, Vt.

LIFE and DEATH of JAMES A. GARFIELD

A correct History of his Life and full Particulars of the Assassination of our lamented President. A most pathetic and thrilling story. Every one wants it. Every one buys it. Every one reads it. Every one is delighted with it. Agents are making a noble sum. **AGENTS WANTED** for the **BEST SELLING BOOK** of the AGE. Circulars Free. 50 per cent. discount to Agents on orders for 20 copies or more. Sample Book by mail, $1.00. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., 134 W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

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EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency,

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

WM. H. SECHLER, *Johnstown, Pa.* M. D. KITTELL, *Ebensburg, Pa.*

SECHLER & KITTELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonnade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

ALTOONA, PA.

☞Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building and immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank Altoona. April 22, 1881.-tf.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*

Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY

NEAR LATROBE, PA.

NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers most thorough educational aids and highest standard of refining influences.

☞Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly expense about $200.

Address:
SISTERS OF MERCY,
Beatty's P. O.,
Dec. 16, 1880.-tf. Westmoreland Co., Pa.

PENSIONS.

ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or disease in the late war. Widows, parents, brothers, sisters, children, or guardians of soldiers entitled to pensions. Widows, or parents of soldiers who died from effects of service, are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, or parents of dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 3 stamps for copy of laws and Pension Agents. Address

P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind., refer to Ind. Banks as to us, and First Natl Central Bank, both of Indianapolis. Jan. 5, 1881.-1m.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the Only Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL, and TOE complete, in 25 minutes. Will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 289 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., (formerly Bangor, Me.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling. State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. ALL EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 206 George St. Cincinnati, O.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $99. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest rates for advertising in 1,000 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [5-4,'81.-1y.]

The Vegetable Origin of Diphtheria.

In a recent lecture before the Academy of Natural Science, in Philadelphia, Prof. H. C. Wood, of that city, gave a statement of the results of certain researches upon the nature of diphtheria undertaken by him and Dr. H. F. Formad, at the instigation of the National Board of Health. The investigations embraced not only the ordinary endemic diphtheria prevailing in Philadelphia, but also the more violent forms of the disease occurring from time to time in different places.

In the pursuit Dr. Formad visited an infected town on Lake Michigan, where one-third of all the children in a marshy district died of the epidemic, and bro't back with him specimens of the diphtheric virus, several of the false membranes which are invariably formed in the throats of afflicted persons, and portions of their viscera. In all blood, said the professor, as reported by the Philadelphia *Times*, there are two kinds of corpuscles, the red or color-giving and the white. By careful study and experiments, both in human beings and the lower animals, it was found that this infinitesimal plant fastens upon the white corpuscles and multiplies its cells, altering their character until, with the interior destroyed, they burst, and the plants, set loose in an irregular mass, separate and go off individually, to continue the destructive work on other corpuscles. Thus increased, they poison the blood, choke the vessels, and are found in myriad numbers in the spleen and other organs rich in blood. Prof. Wood's investigations show that the false membrane, supposed to invariably indicate the presence of diphtheria, may be caused by ammonia, Spanish fly, or any other irritating influence in the throat, so that its presence is not infallible as indicating the existence of this disease.

But in any case the false membrane is built up by this parasitical plant, which grows and multiplies upon its inflamed surroundings, whatever may be its cause. It is when the plants grow strong enough to extend to the blood, either poisoning it themselves or carrying the poison with them, that diphtheria sets in. This plant is exactly the same as found upon the coated tongue. When Prof. Wood puts plants such as are found upon a healthy tongue in sterilized matter they failed to grow. On the contrary, plants from the throat or blood of a person affected with diphtheria multiplied rapidly. The practical result of the investigation pointed out was the possibility that diphtheria, if existing theories hold good, may be prevented by artificial vaccination.

In the case of splenic fever caught from animals, which has been proved to originate in a somewhat similar plant, Pasteur has found that the plant, when exposed a sufficient time to the air, by the action of the oxygen loses its virulent character, and when then introduced into the system makes the animal sick, but is no longer fatal. The deduction is that this diphtheric plant, scientifically known as "micrococcus," may in time be cultivated so that when inoculated with it the system will be no longer subject to the disease in its fatal form. Concluding the lecture, Prof. Wood was applauded when he said that these discoveries could never have been made but for the aid of vivisection, against which there is a foolish prejudice in the minds of many.

ECONOMY IN USING SUGAR.—Many housekeepers waste a very large amount of sugar by heating it with acid fruits, and other sour substances. It is no unusual thing for a cook to place considerable sugar in our fruits that are being heated and to stir into the mixture from time to time as the cooking proceeds. On tasting some of the substances being cooked they soon sour, and more sugar is added. It is often the case that three times the amount of sugar is employed that is necessary to impart the desired degree of sweetness. The sweet cane sugar when boiled with a diluted acid becomes diverted into grape sugar, which is far less sweet. If sugar is added to acid substances after they are completely cooked, or, what is better still, after they become cold, a much smaller amount is required, and the result is far more satisfactory. If applied at that time it will remain cane sugar. A smaller amount of sugar is required to properly sweeten substances that are cold than those that are hot. This may be noticed by adding sugar to cream intended for freezing. Nearly twice as much will be required to properly sweeten cream that is hot as that which has commenced to freeze. Coffee and tea are sweetened to the best advantage by dissolving the sugar used with the cream by stirring them together with a spoon before the hot drink is poured into the cup.

HOW TO KEEP LARD.—When the scraps are just beginning to get brittle and brown, put in a table-spoonful of fine salt to a quart of the hot lard, and there will be no trouble; the lard will keep perfectly sweet for any length of time, and the salt does no possible harm to any kind of cookery. A person can easily judge of the quantity of lard if they know how much the kettle holds. It makes the lard whiter and harder aside from preserving it sweet. It must cook a little while after adding the salt. That designed for summer use should be either kept in a tight earthen jar or a tin bucket with a cover. To restore lard that is a trifle tainted, put the lard into an iron kettle, and cut up salt pork in thin slices—about one-half pound of pork to a gallon of melted lard; add two spoonfuls of salt, and let it cook till the pork is crisp; take out the slices of pork and turn the lard into your jar, and you will never know that it has not always been sweet. But it is better to salt in the first place, as it saves much trouble and time.

TO CLEAN PAPER HANGINGS.—Cut into eight half-quarters a stale quartern loaf; with one of these pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned by the means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crumb, about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the hangings is completely cleaned all round; then go again round with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive course a little higher than the upper stroke had extended, till the bottom be finished. This operation if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning it the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread, too, must be cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as at all necessary.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new.

It is said that a few cloves scattered on buttery shelves, and occasionally renewed, will drive away ants.

Tarnished gold embroidery may be cleaned with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock alum.

It is a good idea to have a dish of sliced lemons for any kind of fish, and especially for those broiled or fried.

Crackers, which have been kept in the house for some time and have become soft, may be freshened by leaving them in a hot oven for a few minutes.

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